

GOLD
KEY

THE FLINTSTONES

12c

HANNA-BARBERA

THE FLINTSTONES

with PEBBLES and BAMM-BAMM

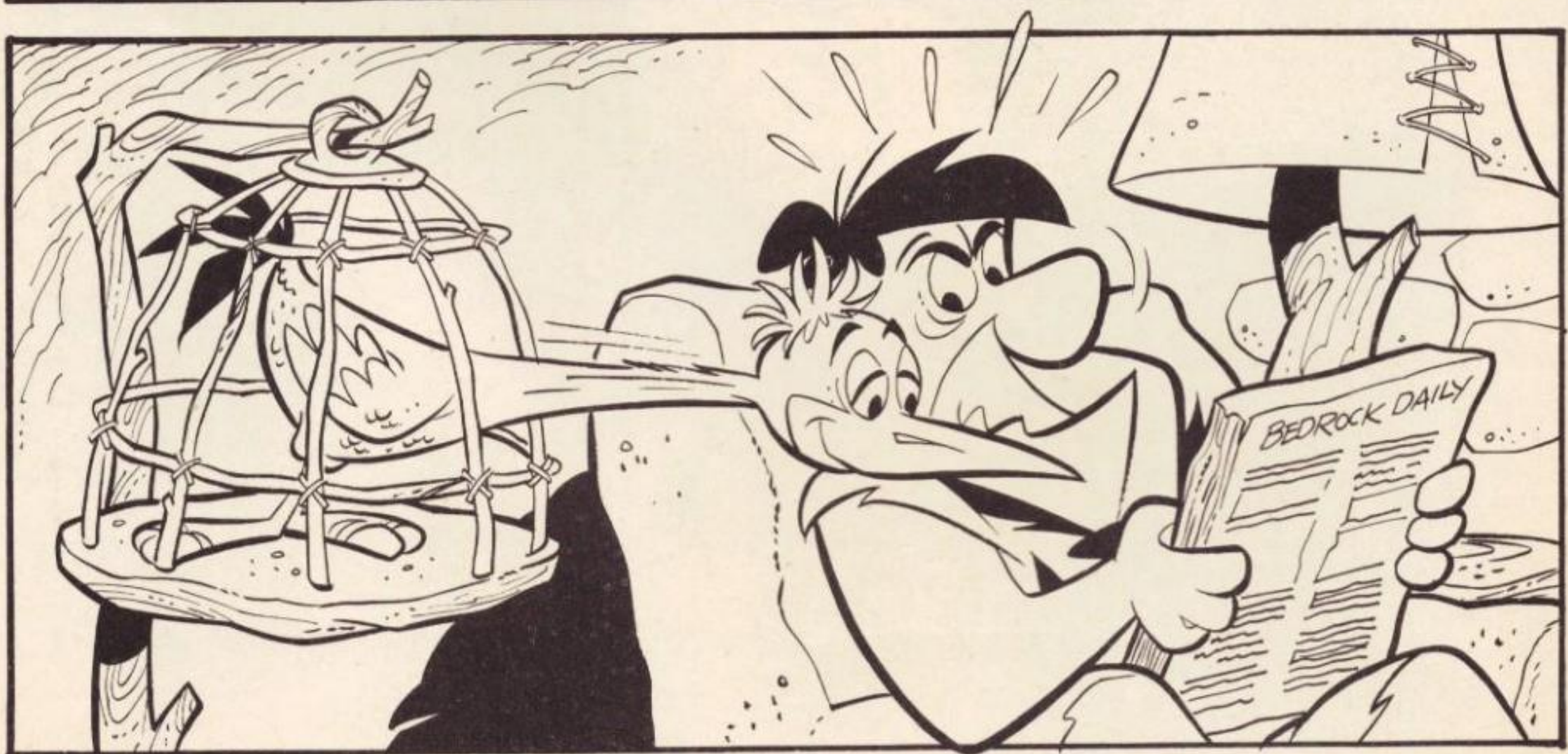
10006-507
JULY



PLUS THE GRUESOMES!

Hanna-Barbera

FRED FLINTSTONE



Hanna-Barbera
THE FLINTSTONES

the DOUBLE DISAPPEARING ACT

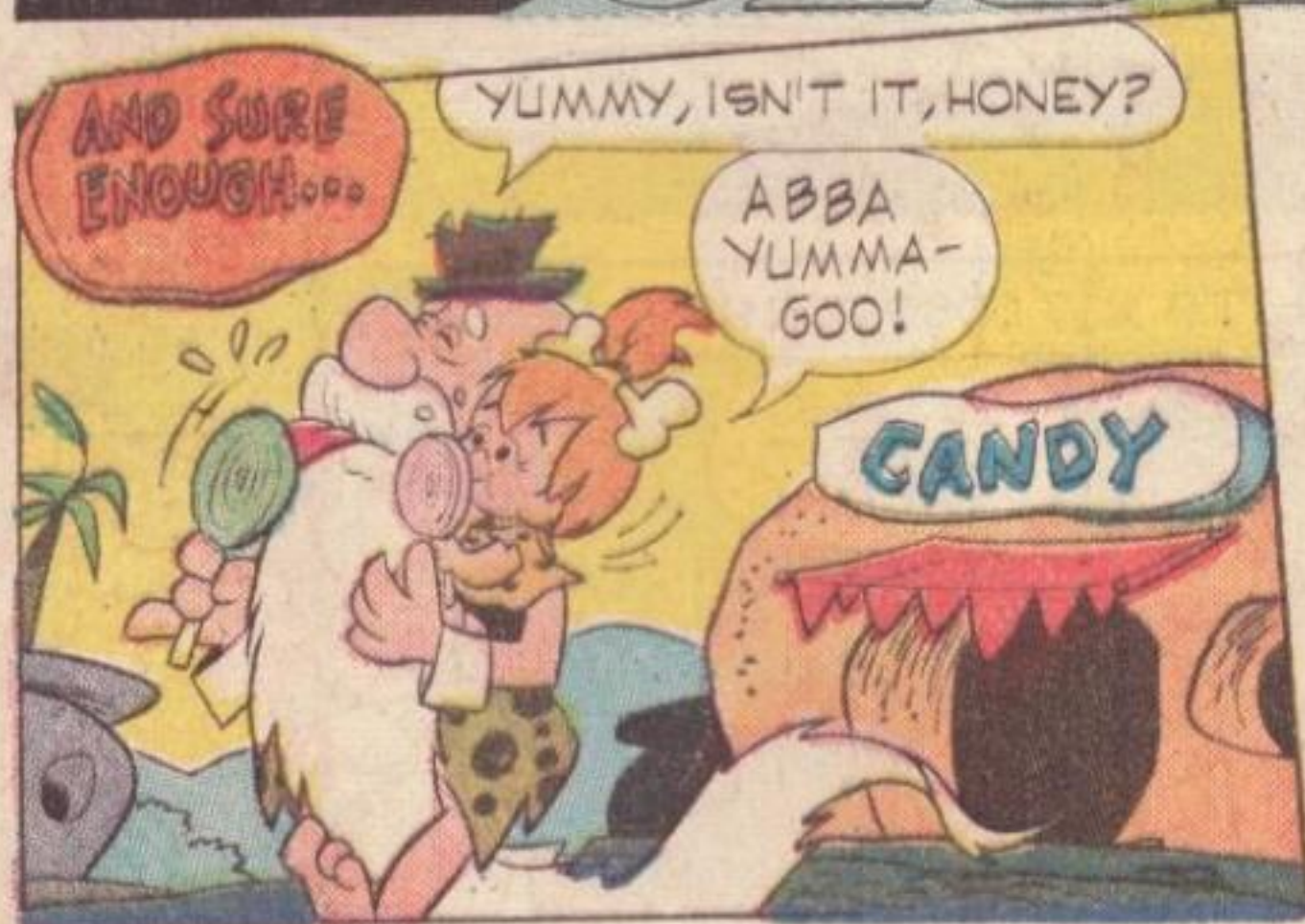


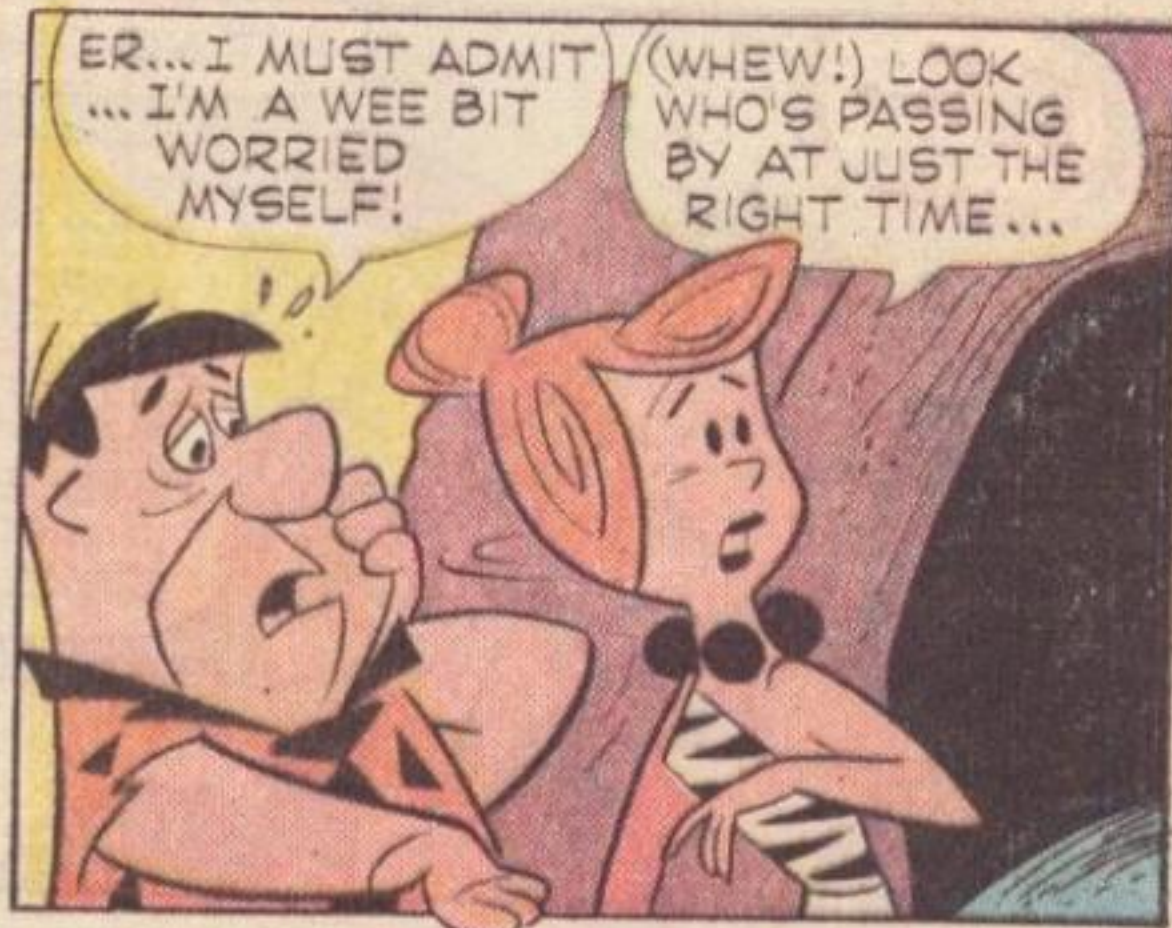
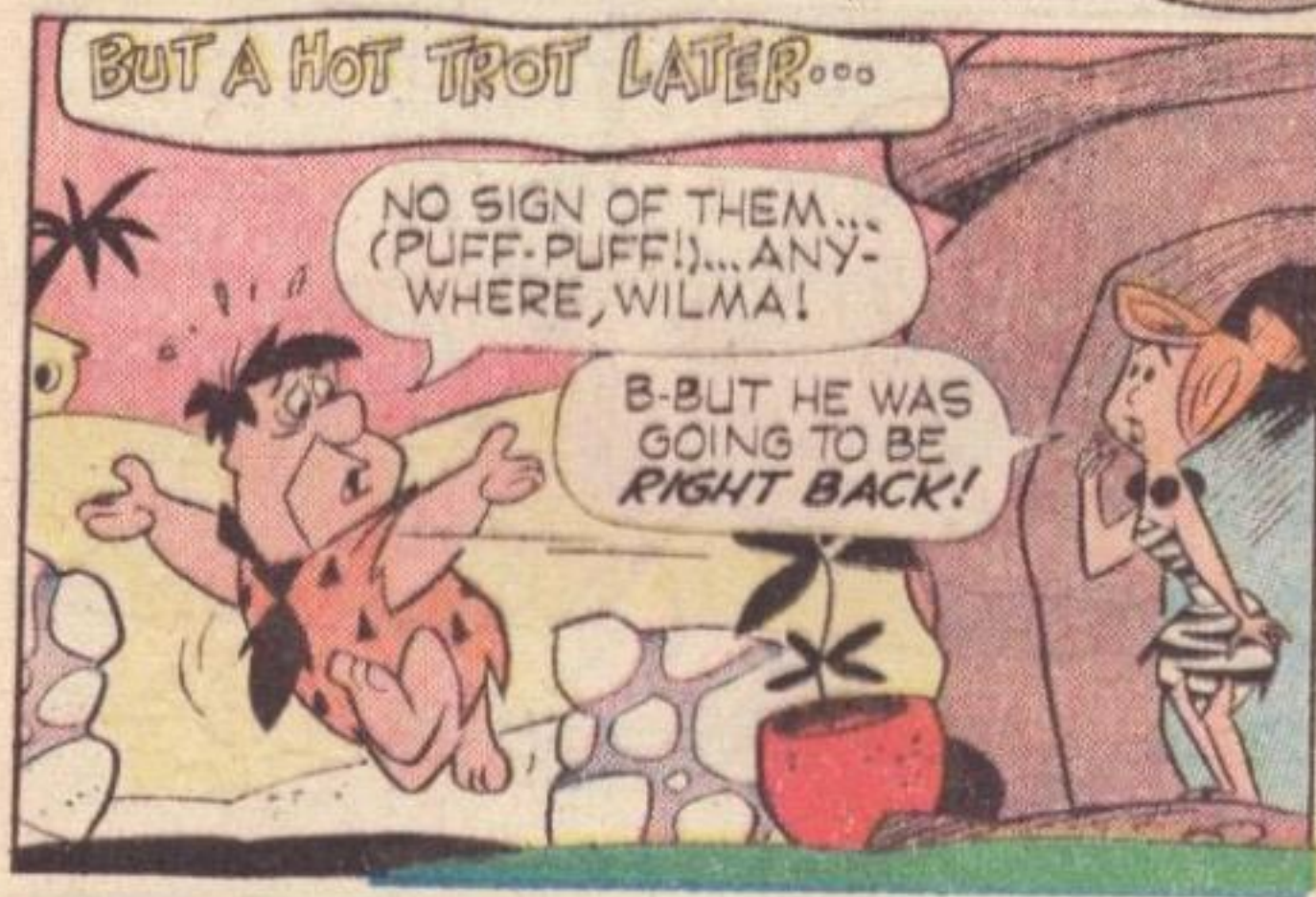
POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3579 to K.K. Publications, Inc., Poughkeepsie, New York.
THE FLINTSTONES, No. 27, July, 1965. Published monthly except February, April, October and December by K.K. Publications, Inc., Poughkeepsie, New York, in cooperation with Golden Press, Inc. Second-class postage paid at Poughkeepsie, New York. Subscription price in the U.S.A. 85c per year; foreign subscriptions \$1.50 per year; Canadian subscriptions \$1.15 per year. All rights reserved throughout the world. Authorized edition. Designed, produced and printed in the U.S.A. by Western Printing and Lithographing Company. Copyright © 1965, by Hanna-Barbera Productions, Inc.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS should reach us four weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address enclosing if possible your old address label.

TRADE MARK OF SCREEN GEMS, INC. Western Printing and Lithographing Company, Authorized User.
© 1965, Hanna-Barbera Productions, Inc.



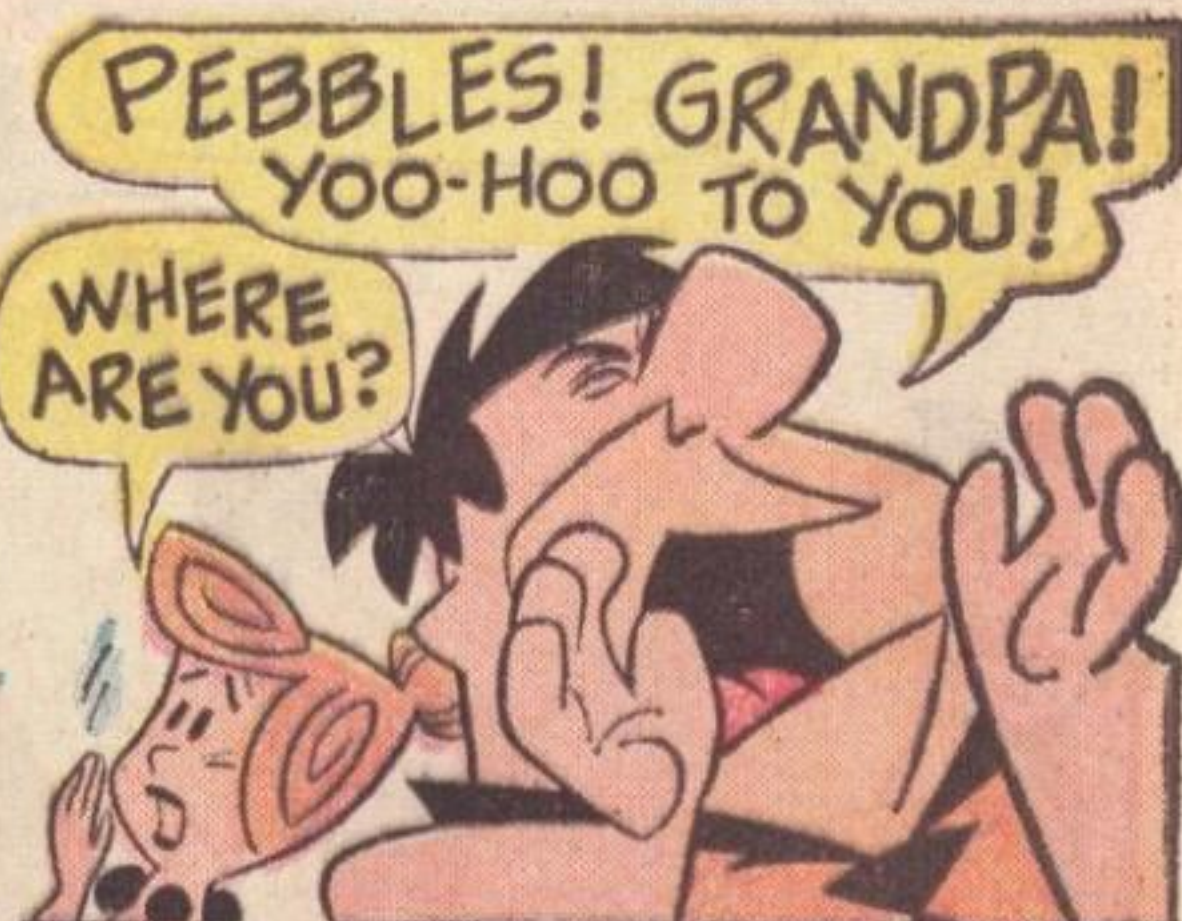






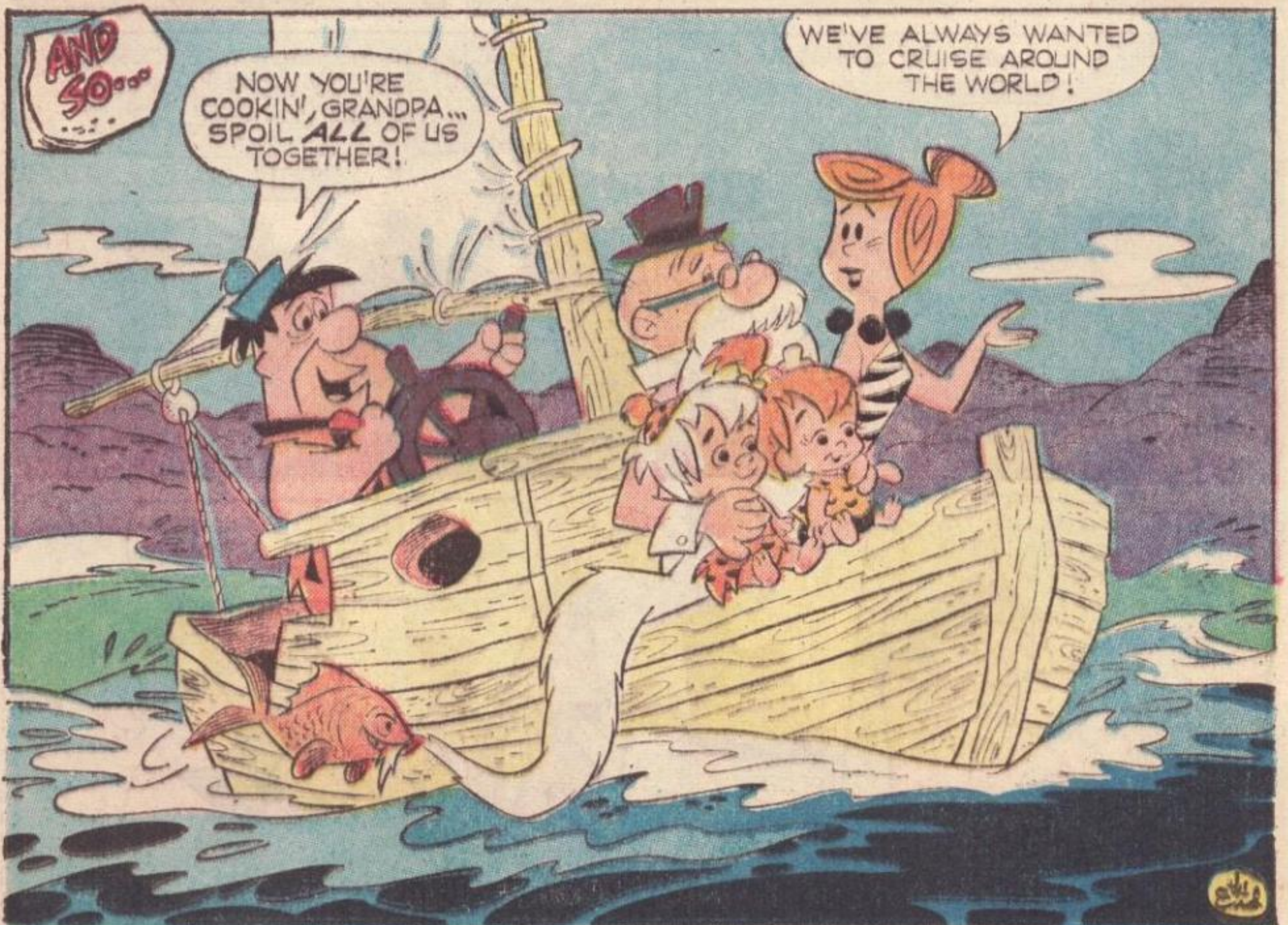
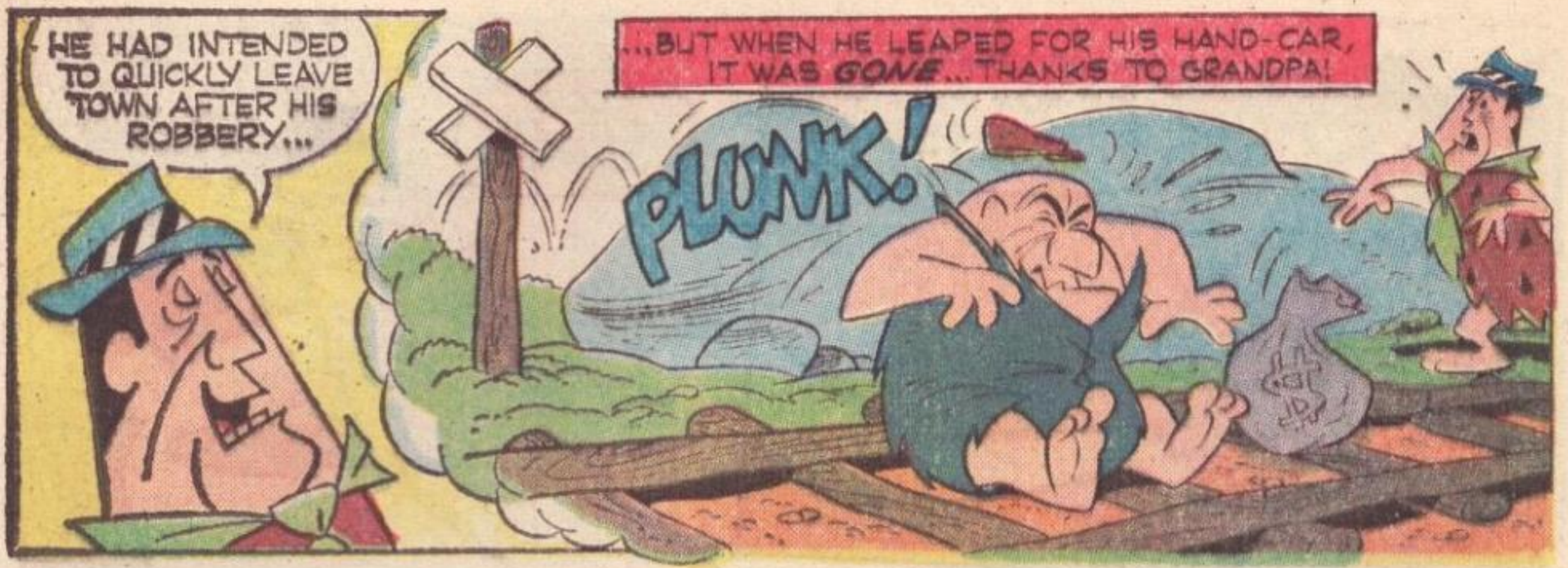












Hanna-Barbera
CAVE KIDS

THE OUTCAST

HA-HA-HA! THIS IS
THE FUNNIEST SIGHT
I'VE EVER SEEN!

YOU'RE
A SCREAM,
SMALL
STUFF!

GOODNESS! I
DON'T UNDERSTAND
WHAT'S HAPPENING!



SMALL STUFF DOESN'T
KNOW HOW TO WHISTLE!

I NEVER HEARD
OF A BOY WHO
CAN'T WHISTLE!



OH! IS THAT ALL?!

IS THAT
ALL?!



I'M AN OUTCAST!
THE GUYS LOOK ON ME
AS A LOW-TYPE
CRITTER... LIKE
A GIRL!

LIKE A
GIRL?!



YEEKS! NOW I'M
EVEN UNPOPULAR
WITH HER!



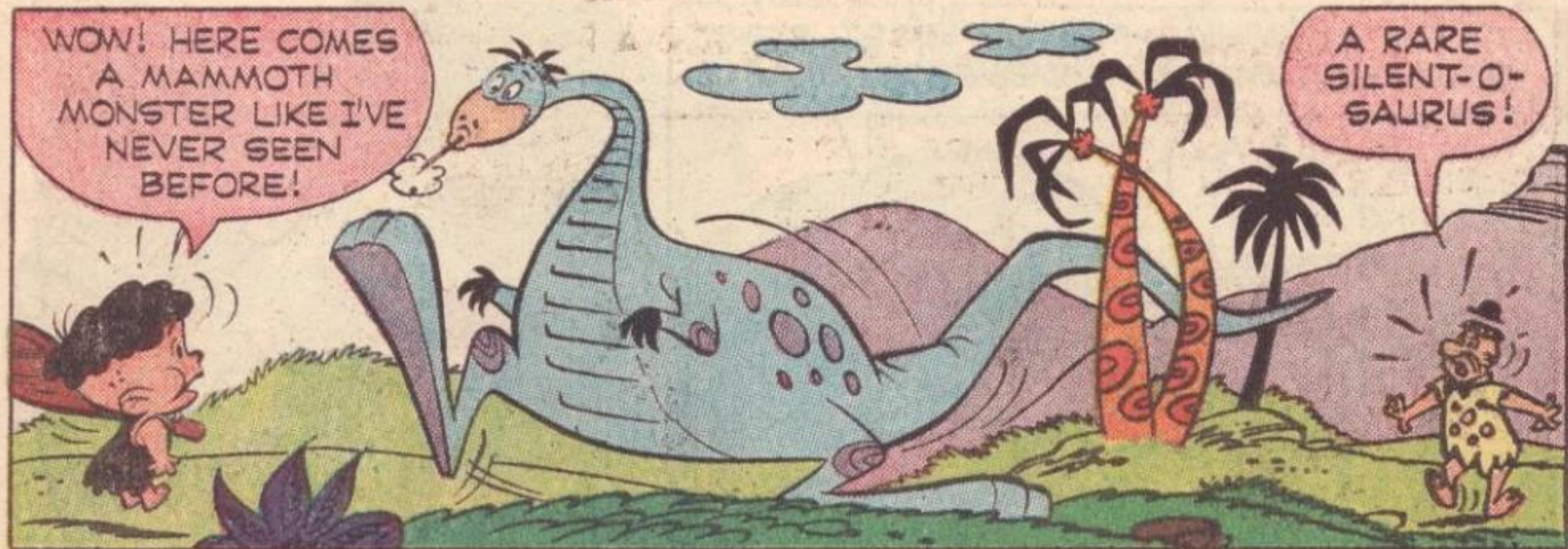


BUT HOURS LATER...



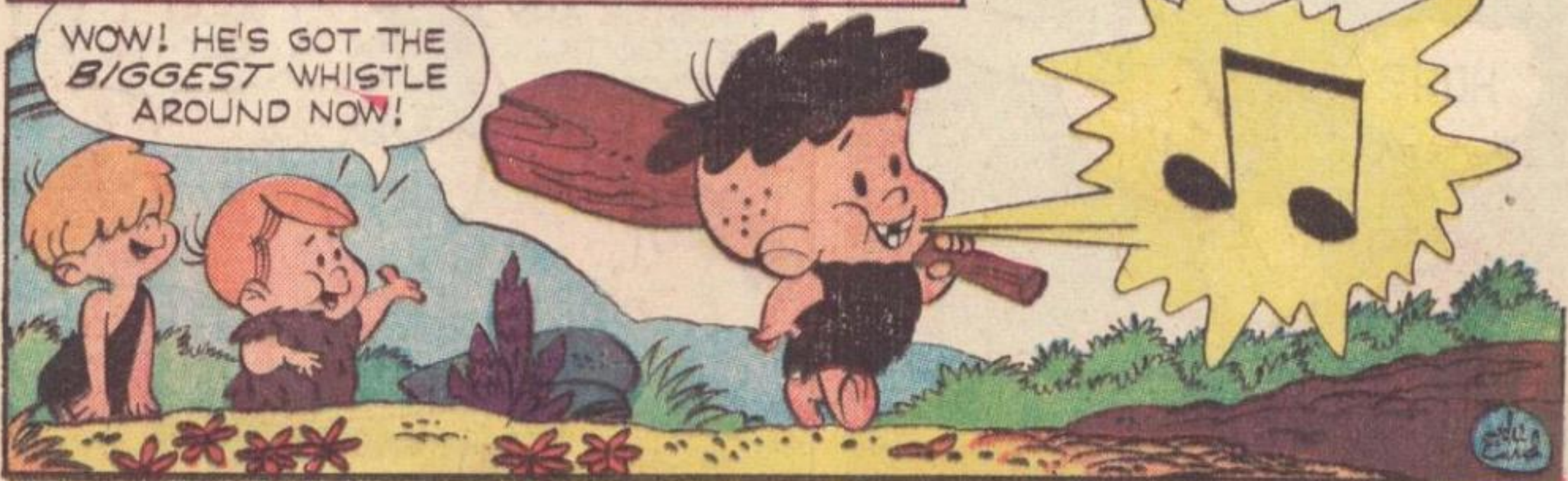
...AND STILL NOT A PEEP OUT OF ME!







AND SO, HE WHISTLES HAPPILY EVER AFTER...





Loopy de Loop was feeling in an especially helpful mood one day, but it was almost noon and he still had not had a chance to do a good deed for anyone.

"I do not feel good unless I do at least one good deed each day!" he said.

Suddenly, as if in answer to his hopes, he heard a cry for help.

"HELP! HELP! WOLF!" a voice yelled.

"That sounds like a little child who wants a wolf to help him!" Loopy brightened. "I'm a wolf, so here's my chance to help!"

He raced off in the direction of the cry. Soon, he saw a small boy sitting on a log in the middle of a clearing, yelling to the top of his lungs. But then Loopy stopped for the boy was behaving strangely. He quit yelling for a moment and listened, grinning a bit, and then resumed his yelling.

Loopy was about to ask the boy what he was up to when a man and woman burst into sight shouting: "Junior! What's the matter? Are you all right? Where's the wolf?"

"Hee hee hee!" laughed Junior. "I sure fooled you! There's no wolf, Dad!"

The woman sat down on a stump to catch her breath. "Don't ever do that again!" she gasped. "You scared us half to death!"

"That wasn't funny at all, Junior," said his father sternly. "Now you come back to camp with us right away!"

Loopy watched Junior and his parents as they walked away. He felt somewhat foolish that he's fallen for the boy's prank, too. But then, as he watched, he saw the boy lag behind and suddenly duck into the woods.

"Hmm! That boy's up to something!" Loopy thought. "I better follow him and see!"

Shortly, Junior stopped and sat down on a rock. He was grinning broadly, as a little

rabbit hopped by. "I guess Mom and Dad are back at camp about now," he said aloud, as if the rabbit cared. "I'll just wait a little bit and then yell for help again. Gee, they sure looked funny when they came running through the woods to find me."

"So that's it!" thought Loopy. "That boy is going to pull that same gag again!"

Then Loopy remembered the old fable that he'd heard when he was just a cub. It was about a mischievous boy who fooled some villagers by calling for help and pretending that a wolf was threatening him. Later, when a real wolf showed up the boy yelled for help again but no one came.

Now, Loopy didn't want to be mean, but he figured that here was a chance to teach this lad a lesson and to do his parents a good deed at the same time. So, sneaking over near the boy, Loopy bared his long white teeth and burst out into view, growling and snarling in a frightful manner.

The boy's face turned white and his hair literally stood up on end! Screaming with fright, he tore off through the woods.

"Gosh!" said Loopy to himself, "I didn't know I had it in me!"

Suddenly there was a noise in the brush. Loopy turned to see a hunter with a gun.

"I didn't think there were any more mean wolves left in these woods!" said the man, taking aim at Loopy.

Loopy didn't hang around to find out how good a shot the man might be, or to explain about the boy. He just streaked for his cave like a, well, like a scared wolf!

Safe in his cave, he sank down wearily.

"Tomorrow I'm not going to do any good deeds," he sighed. "But in that way, I'll be doing some good anyway . . . for MYSELF!"



Hanna-Barbera

THE FLINTSTONES



THUD!



ROCKY and BULLWINKLE

ARE **CHEERIOS**
YOUR FAVORITE
CEREAL,
BULLWINKLE?

TO BE
SURE,
ROCK!

Cheerios.
Goodness in every bowl.

CHEERIOS N' MILK GIVE
US PEOPLE MUSCLE-MAKIN'
PROTEIN...

AND LOTS OF
GO-GO-**GO!**

YOU MEAN EVERYONE
SHOULD GO WITH THE
GOODNESS OF
CHEERIOS?

GM
GENERAL MILLS

YES
INDEEDY!

RRRIP!

BUT THEY SHOULD WATCH
WHERE THEY'RE GOING!

**BIG &
CIRCUS**

Hanna-Barbera THE FLINTSTONES

VOLUNTEER HEROES

AH-H!
HAPPY-DAY-OFF,
EH, BARNEY?

DON'T TALK TO ME, FRED...
I WANT TO GET A FULL
EIGHT-HOUR NAP!



MY HERO!

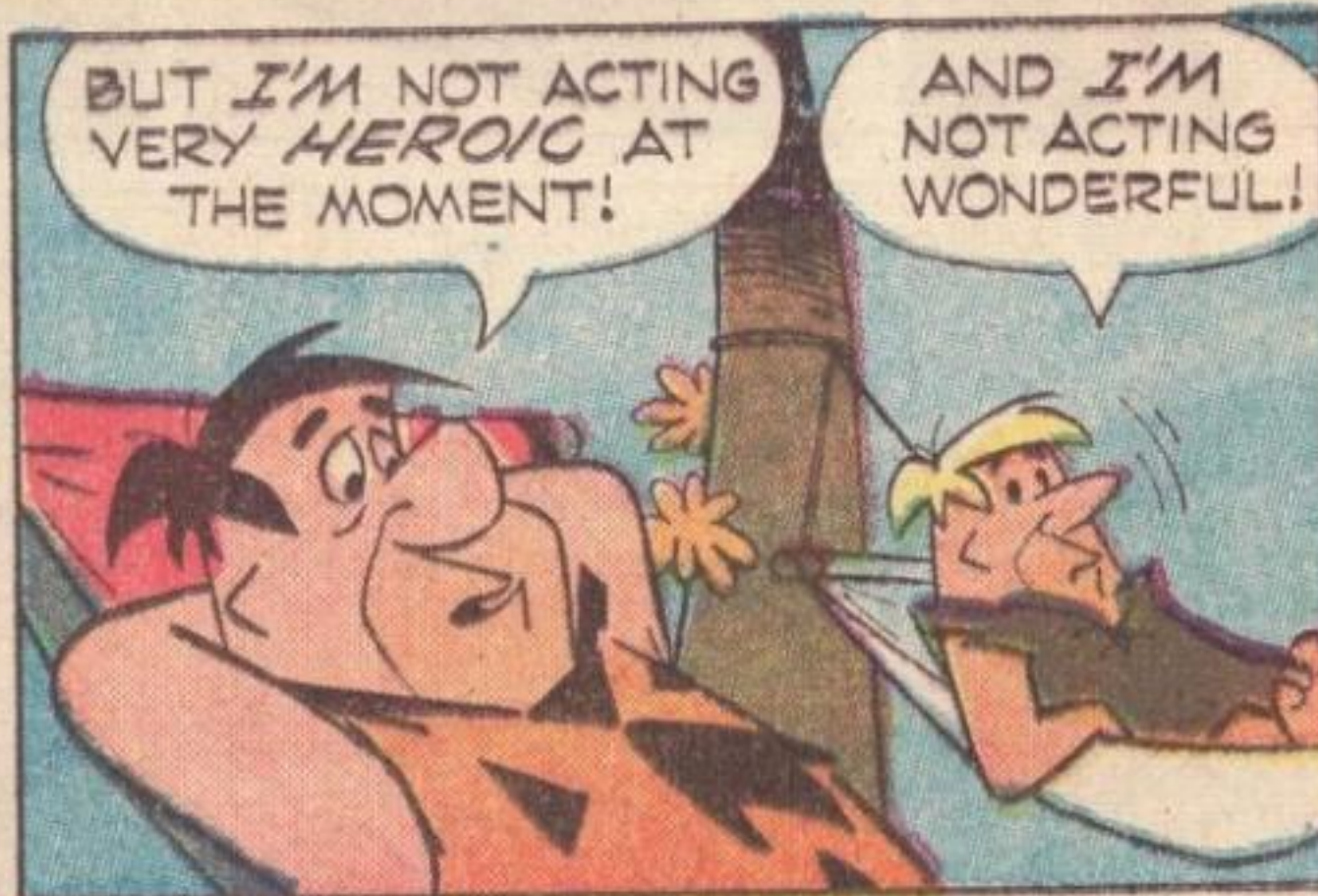
MY BIG,
WONDERFUL
MAN!

OUR
WIVES...



BUT I'M NOT ACTING
VERY HEROIC AT
THE MOMENT!

AND I'M
NOT ACTING
WONDERFUL!



TH-THEY MUST BE
REFERRING TO
S-SOMEONE ELSE!

HORRORS!



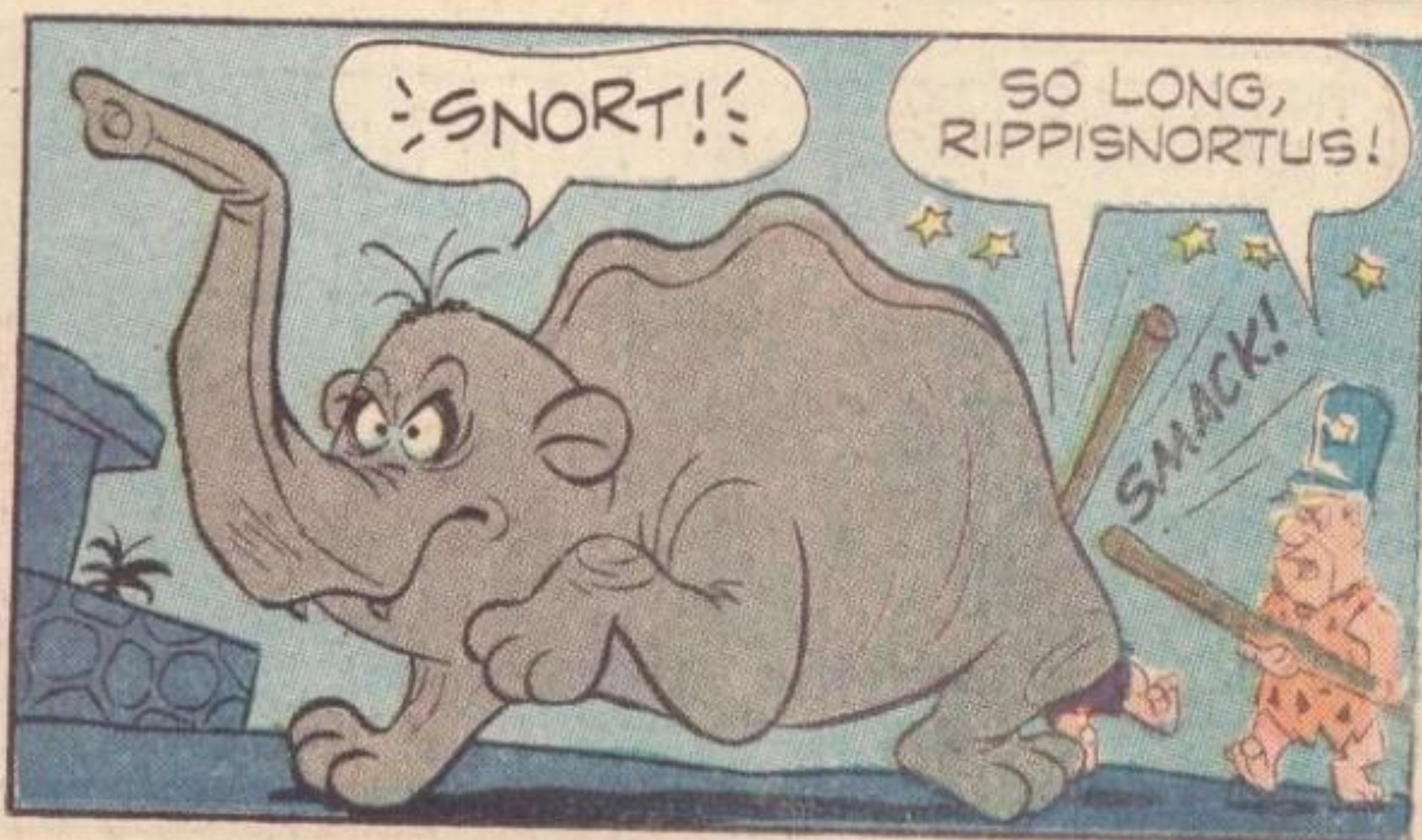
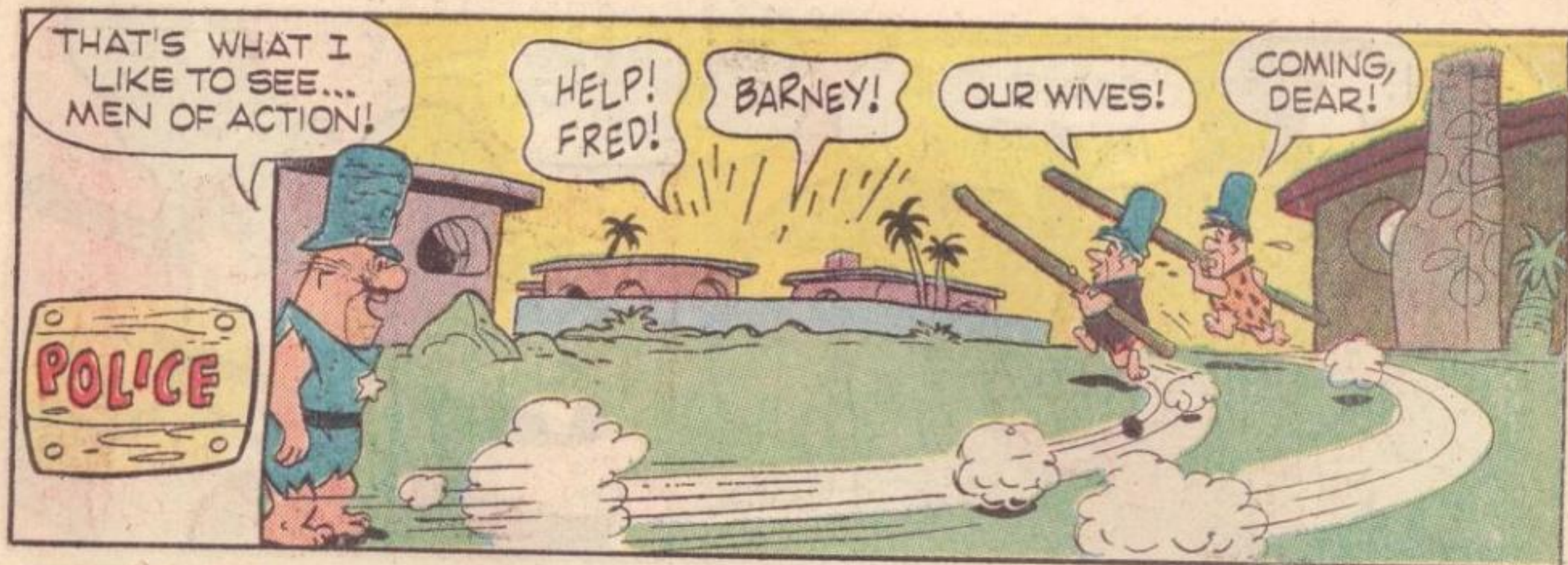
UP AND
AT 'EM!

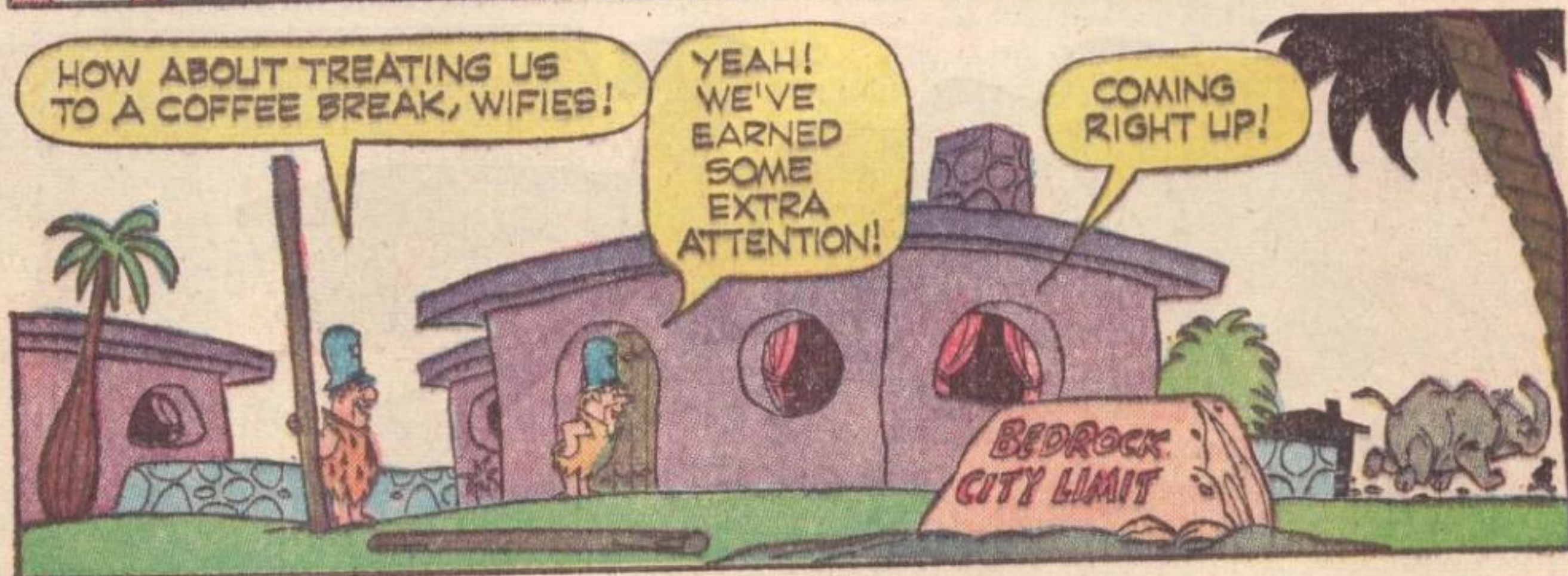
GRR!





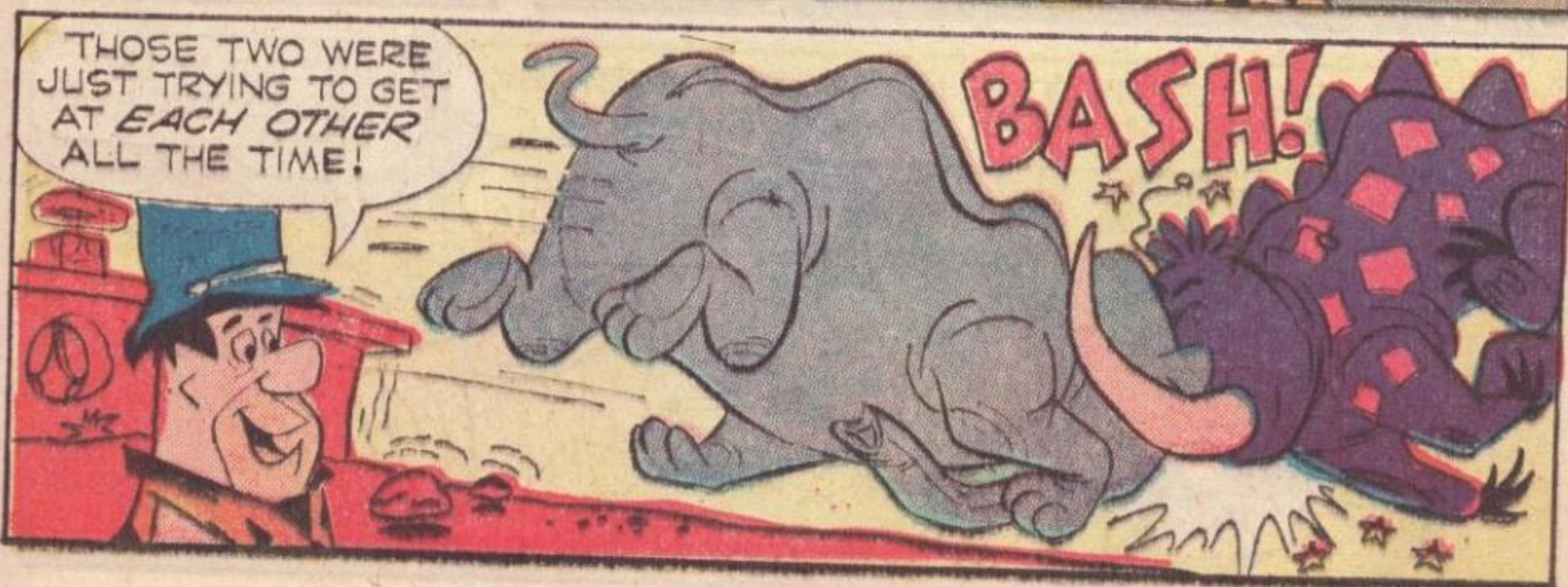






AND SO, FRED AND BARNEY BASK IN GLORY...







Hanna-Barbera
THE FLINTSTONES

THE BIG SWITCHEROO

HMMM!
SOUNDS AS IF
THOSE CREEPY
NEIGHBORS OF
OURS HAVE TAKEN
UP THE XYLOPHONE!
I THINK I'LL
PEEK IN!

BONK!
BLINK!

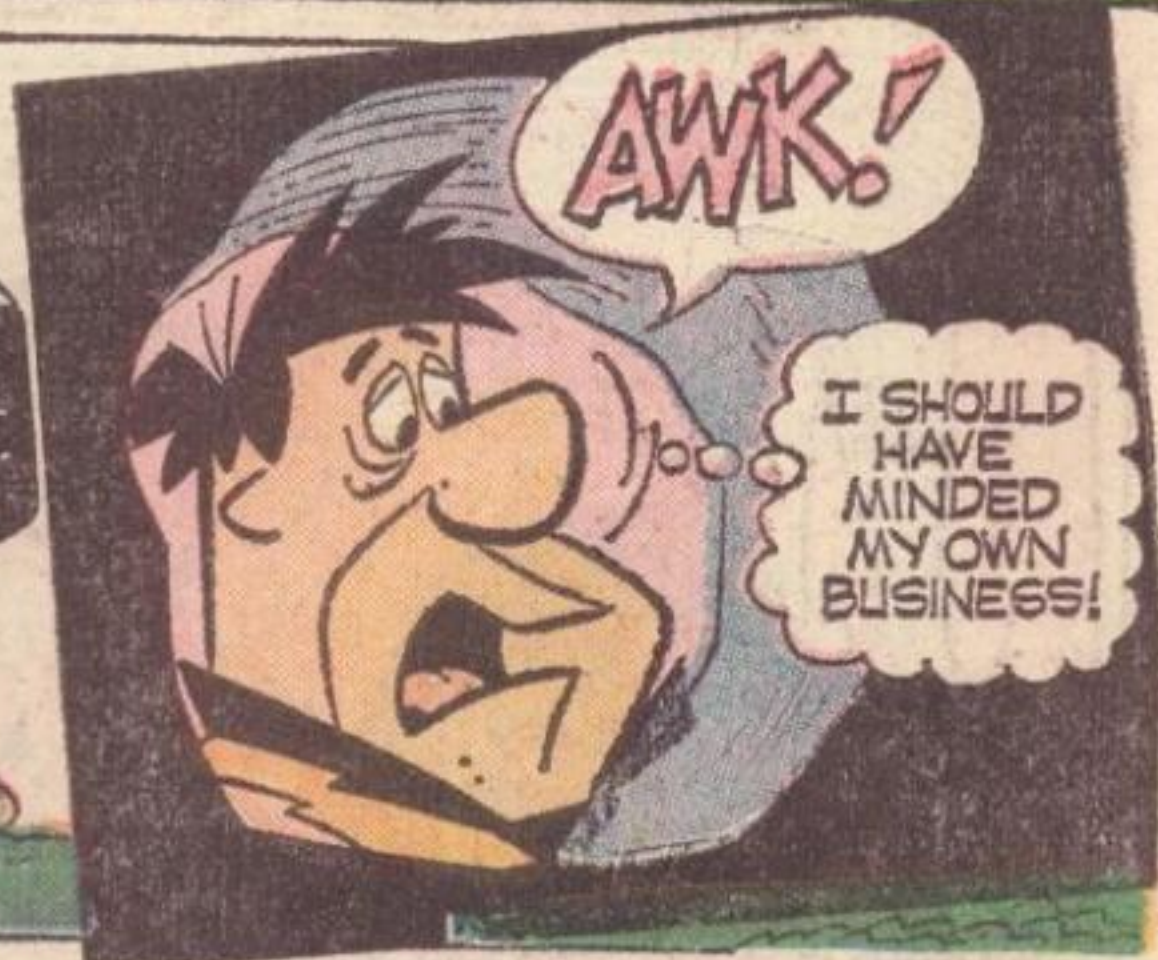


NOT BAD!
NOT BAD
AT ALL!



AWK!

I SHOULD
HAVE
MINDED
MY OWN
BUSINESS!

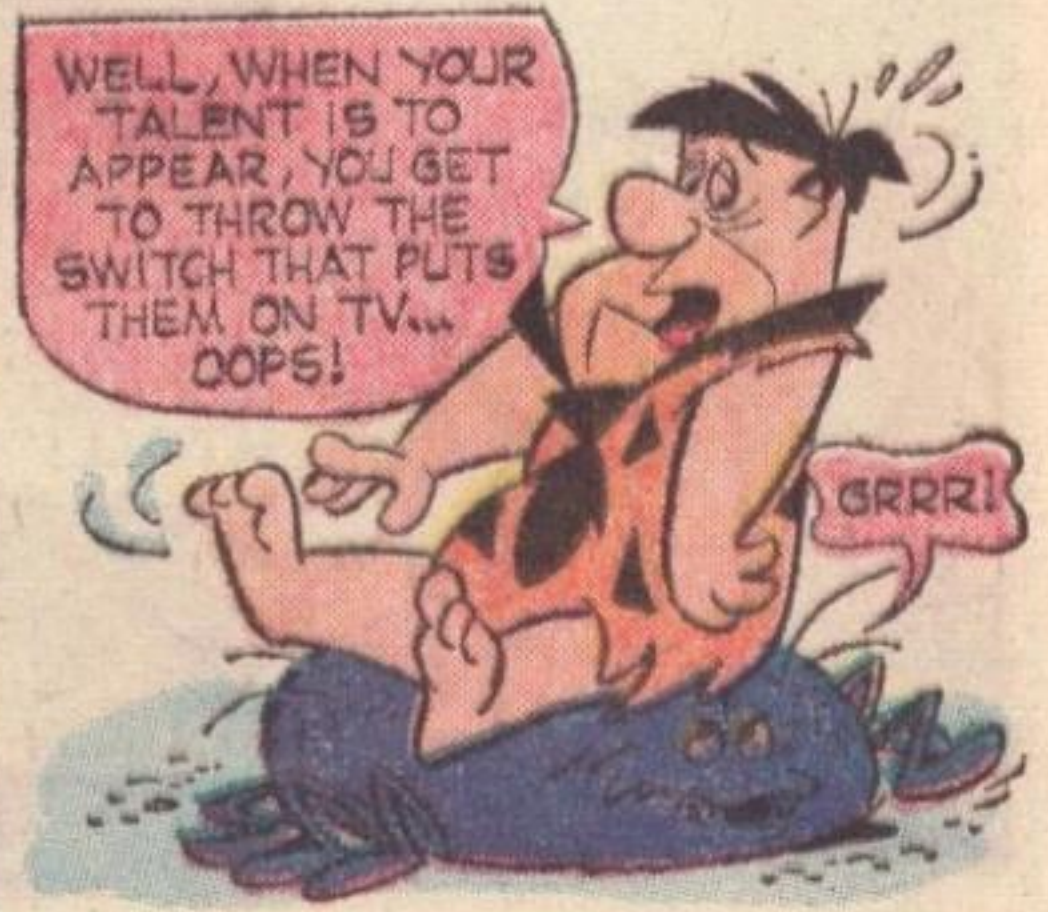
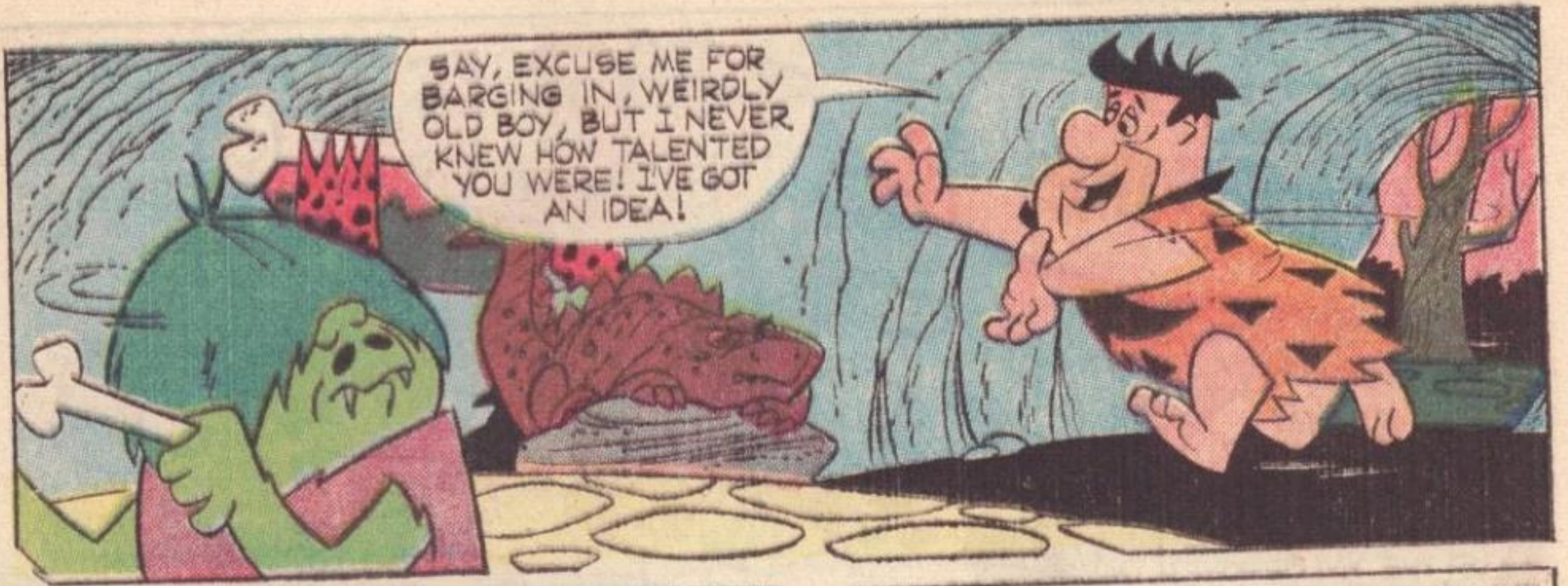


PLINKITY-
PLUNK!



HM! PLAYING THE BONES
OF A SABER-TOOTH TIGER...
BUT GOOD, THOUGH!







OH, MY, HE'S MUCH MORE
TALENTED AT **BLOWING**
UP THINGS!

YEAH!
REAL
KEEN!



I'LL SETTLE FOR HIS PLAYING,
CREEPELLA! I'LL MAKE ALL THE
ARRANGEMENTS! NOW KEEP ON
PRACTICING, WEIRDLY!

RIGHT,
FRED!



AND...

YEP! WE'LL BE
THERE ON TIME
FRIDAY NIGHT!
SO LONG!



IS EVERYTHING
ALL SET, FRED?

GEE, I DUNNO! THE
SHOW IS FRIDAY,
THE THIRTEENTH!
I HOPE
WEIRDLY ISN'T
SUPERSTITIOUS!



OH WELL, GETTING HIM
ON THE SHOW IS THE BIG
THING! I'LL JUST
GIVE HIM THE
NEWS POINT
BLANK!

I'M SURE HE
WON'T MIND!



YOU'RE ALL SET,
WEIRDLY! THE SHOW
IS FRIDAY THE
THIRTEENTH!

REALLY?

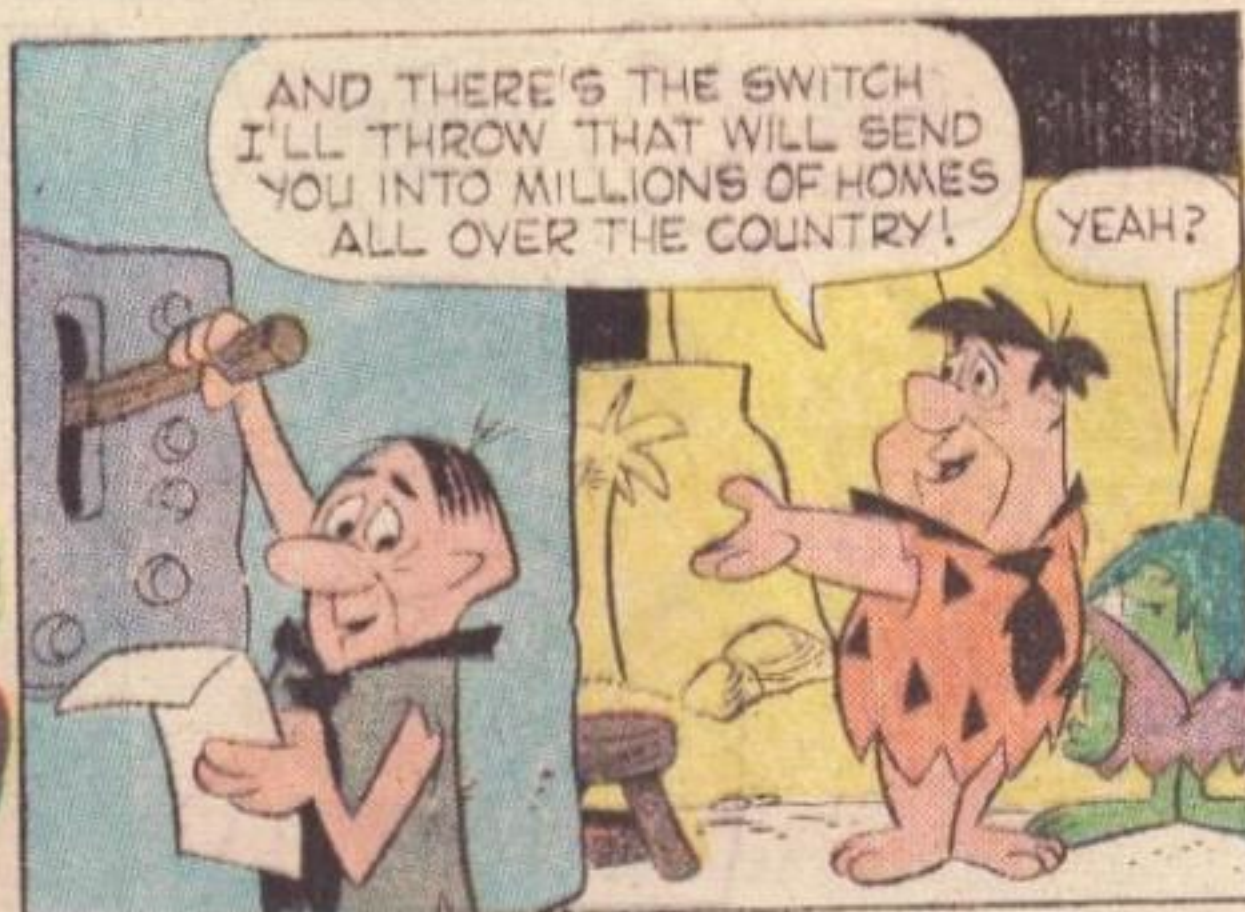


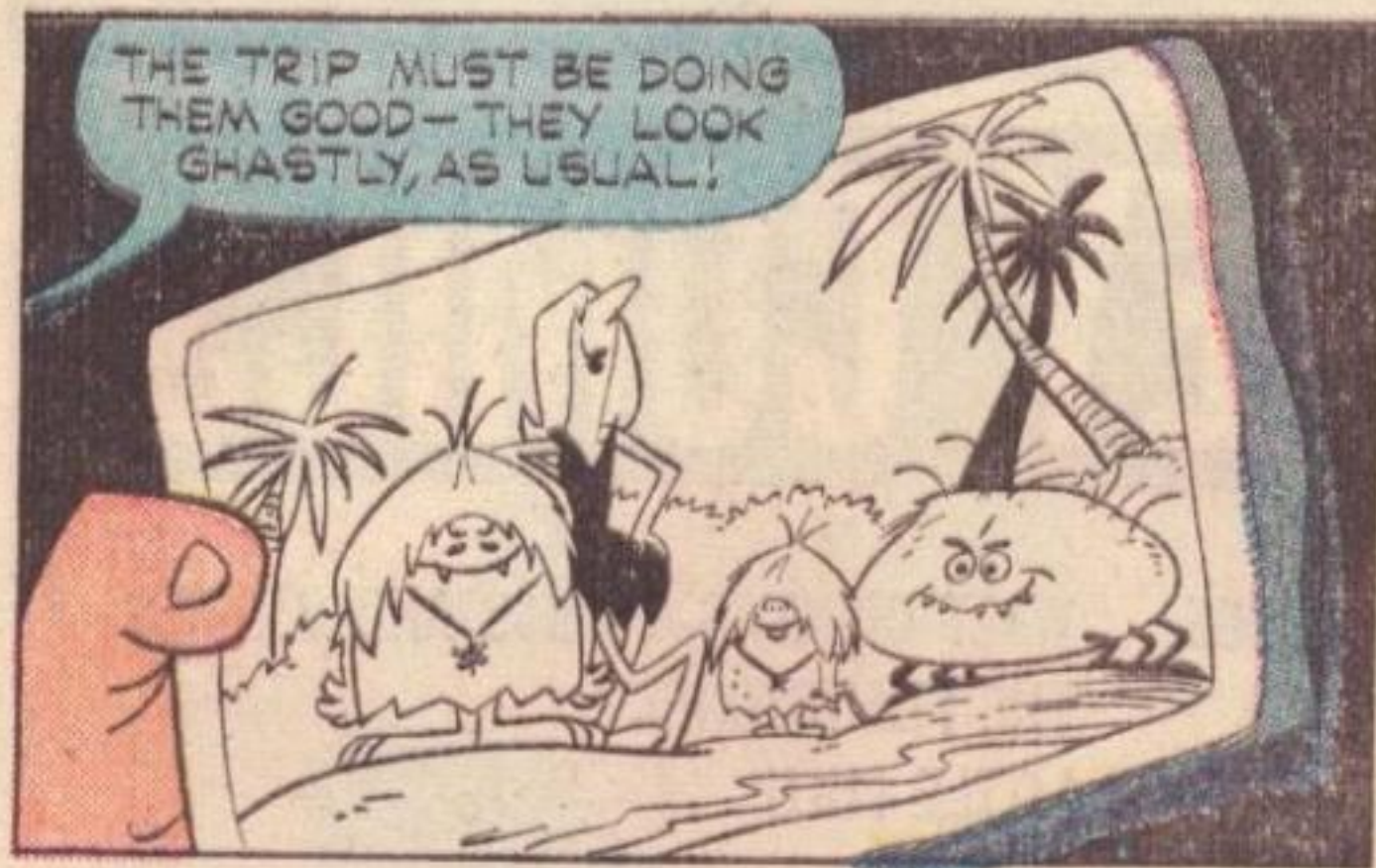
GEE, FRIDAY THE
THIRTEENTH IS
MY **LUCKY**
DAY!

OH, BOY! IN
THAT CASE,
YOU'RE SURE
TO WIN!



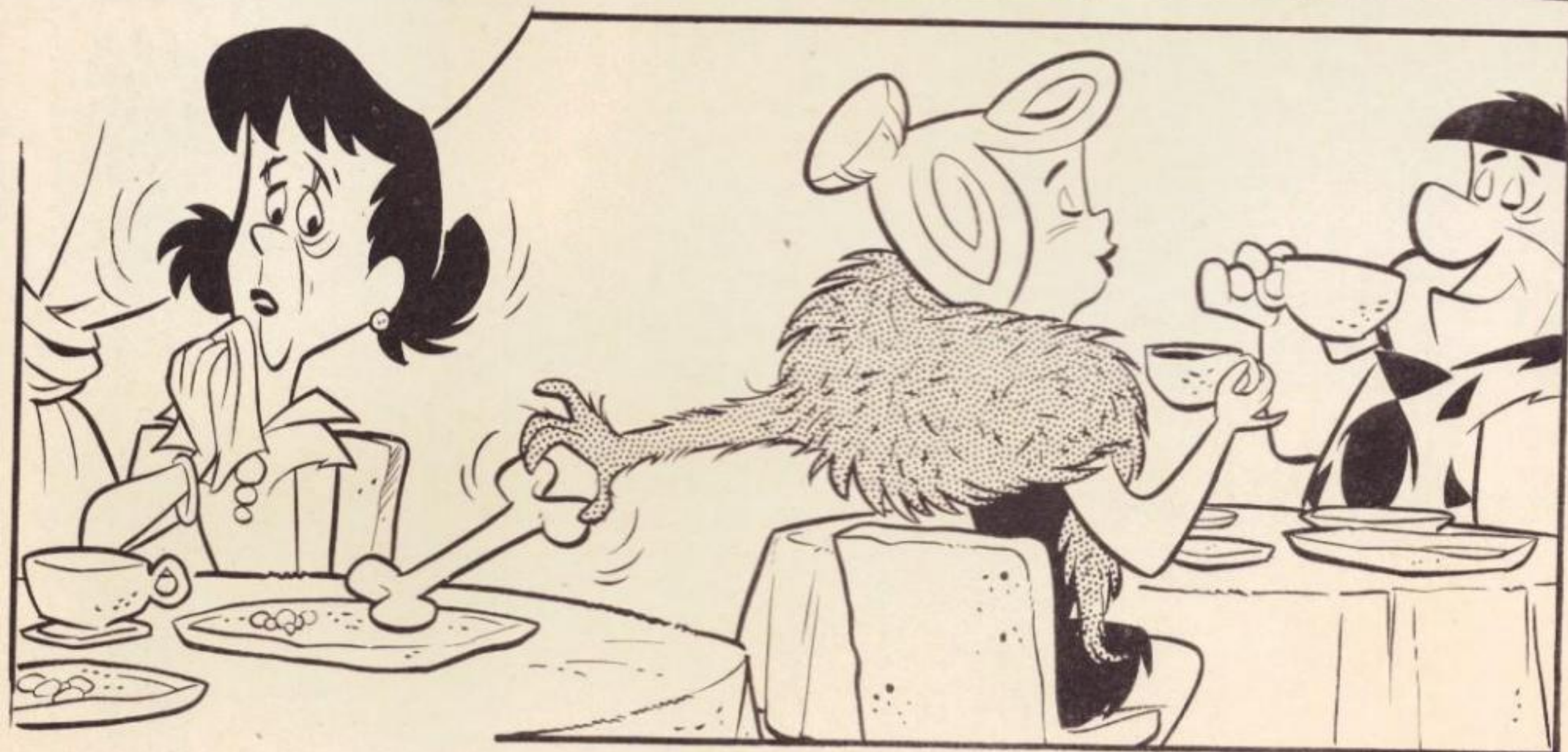
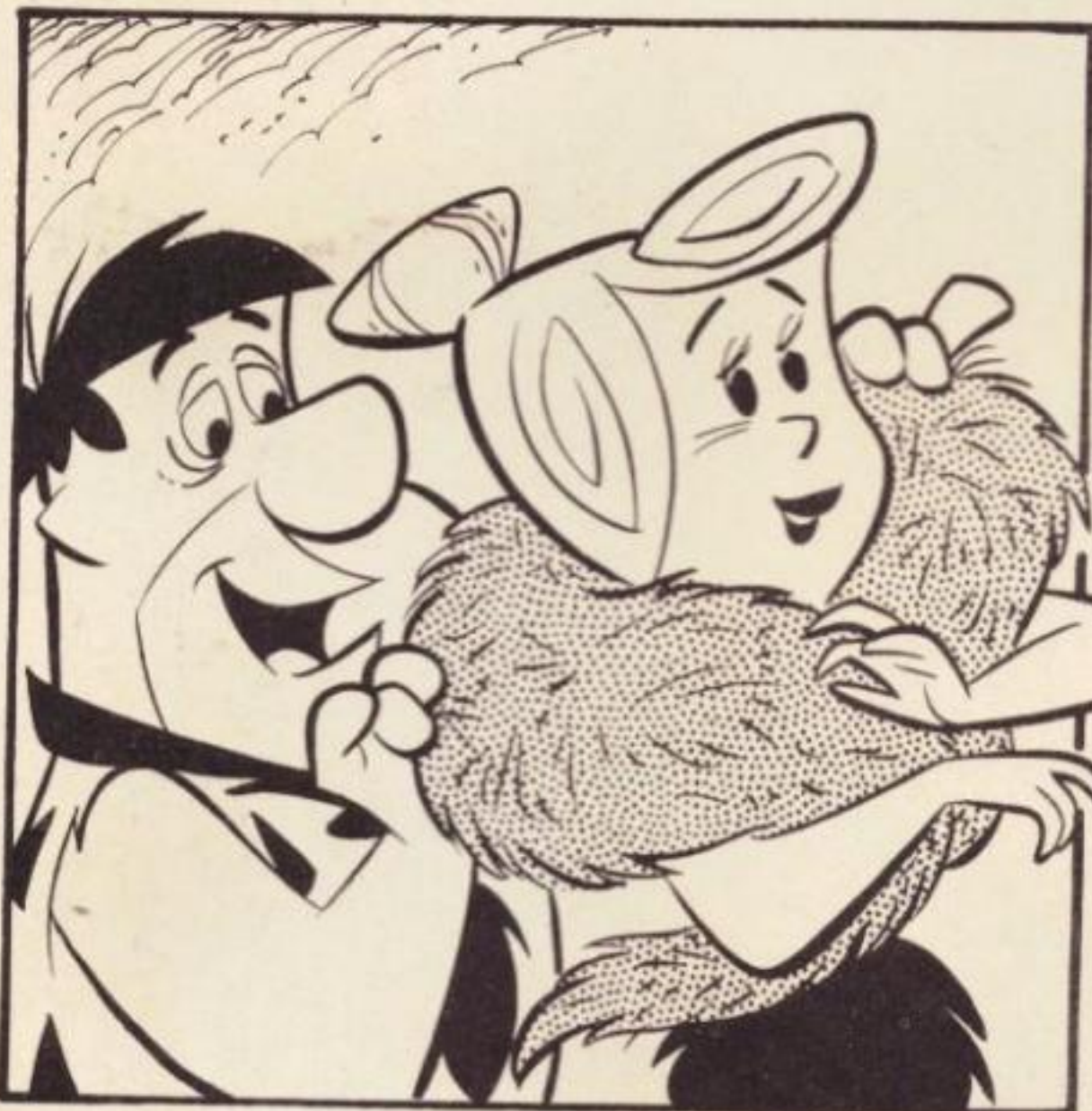


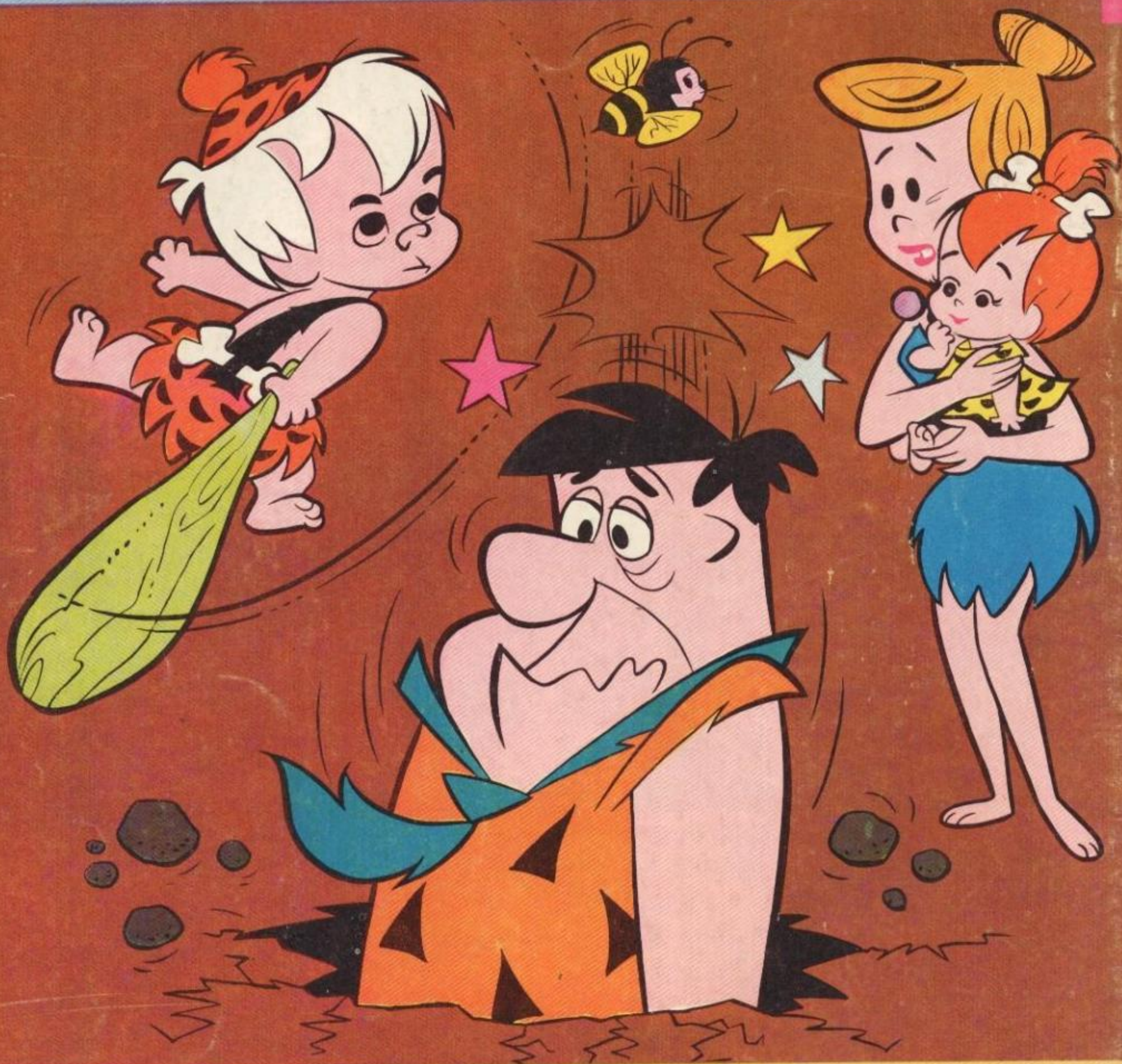




Hanna-Barbera

FRED AND WILMA





THE FLINTSTONES PIN-UP